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THE ANNUNCIATION (See Article "Exhibitions at Chicago Art Galleries")  
By Vincenzo Paganus

Painted in 1532  
—Courtesy Marshall Field & Co.'s Art Galleries.



AFTER PAINTING BY  
JOHN W. ALEXANDER



*THE GOSSIP*  
By John W. Alexander

—Courtesy The Art Institute, Chicago

## Exhibitions at the Chicago Galleries

By EVELYN MARIE STUART

**S** EVEN exhibitions of interest and importance have found shelter under the new wing of the Art Institute, including paintings by John W. Alexander, sculpture by Chester Beach, paintings by California artists, paintings by Wilson Irvine, paintings by Edward W. Redfield, paintings, drawings and sketches by Maurice Sterne and a collection of French cartoons ranging from Daumier to the present day chroniclers of life in the trenches.

The Alexander Memorial includes much of the best works of this great painter, in portrait, figure studies and landscapes. The Metropolitan Museum of Art contributes his portrait of Walt Whitman, a classic of its kind; the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the famous and much reproduced "Isabella, or The Pot

of Basil"; and the Quadrangle Club of Princeton, New Jersey, a vivid personal sketch of Booth Tarkington. Perhaps it is only after a man is dead that a true appreciation of his work can be achieved, for then only is it finished. Certain it is that the present exhibition is impressive beyond the power of ordinary assemblage of the witnesses to one man's skill.

A fine mind, working amid refined associations, must have produced these quiet-toned but powerful things. Here was the genius of the gentleman by instinct, and training, a something of poise and nobility being impressed upon every canvas. His portraits were truly delightful, especially those of men, and his studies of feminine beauty are full of the grace that makes a good picture and the



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restraint that betokens good breeding. We feel that he always painted aristocratic women in the cool and quiet beauty of dignity and elegance.

For this manner of portraiture his was the method par excellence with its subdued

tonality and refinement of color. Even in the expression of his love of nature he seems to have shrunk from effusiveness or overstatement for his landscapes are decoratively composed and quietly toned.

Our illustration is the most colorful in its

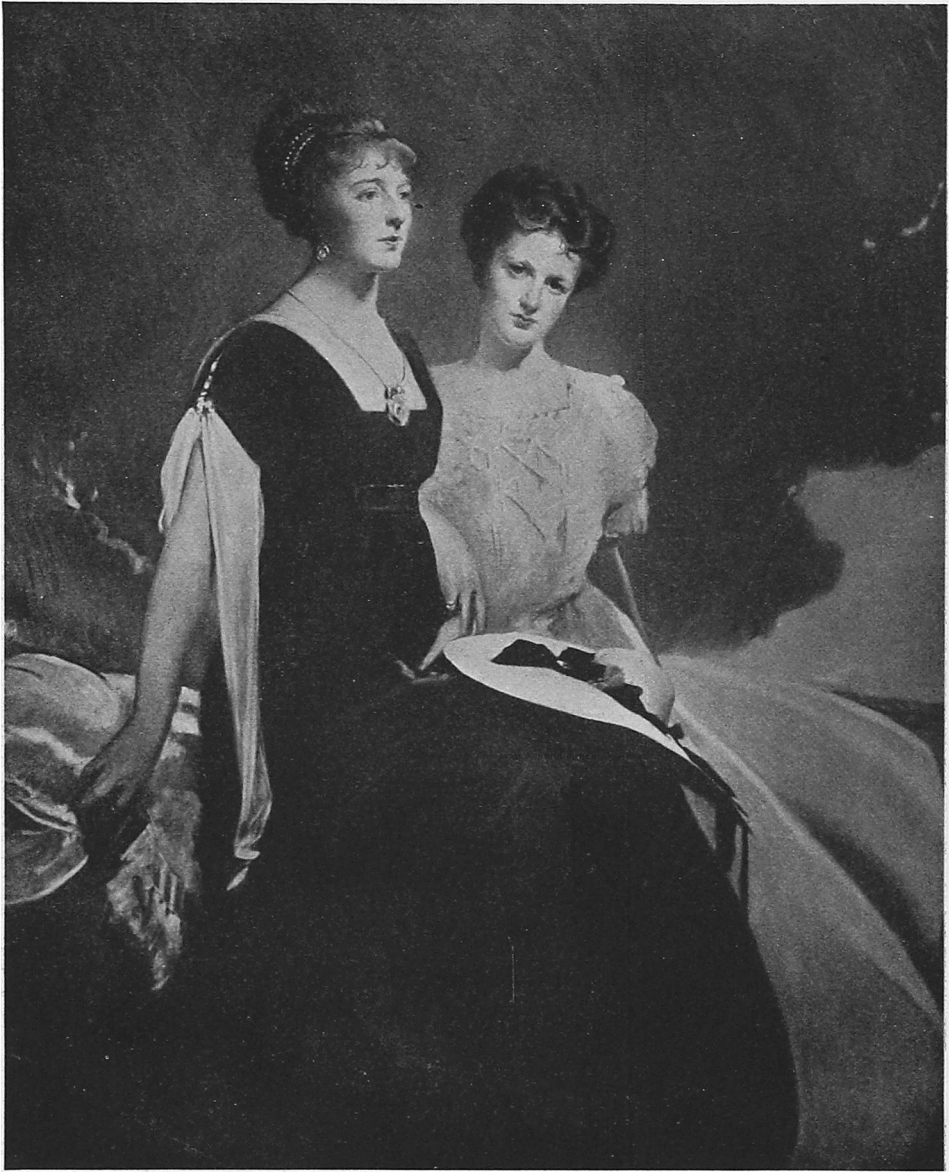




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impression of all the canvasses in this show. One receives the thrill of a burst of golden light from this study of a young woman in summer attire against the background of an open window giving upon a garden of flowers. Study, however, discovers a certain coolness even here for the golden garden lies under a grey sky whose light subdues the tones of

the gossip's yellow gown. Her crisp ribbons on bodice, girdle and hat are of a cool light green and the window curtains are silvery in the grey shaded summer light. A dull chocolate rose curtain in the foreground and a fat cushion of terra cotta red at the other side give touches of contrasting color that are most agreeable. Does one fancy a cynical, spright-

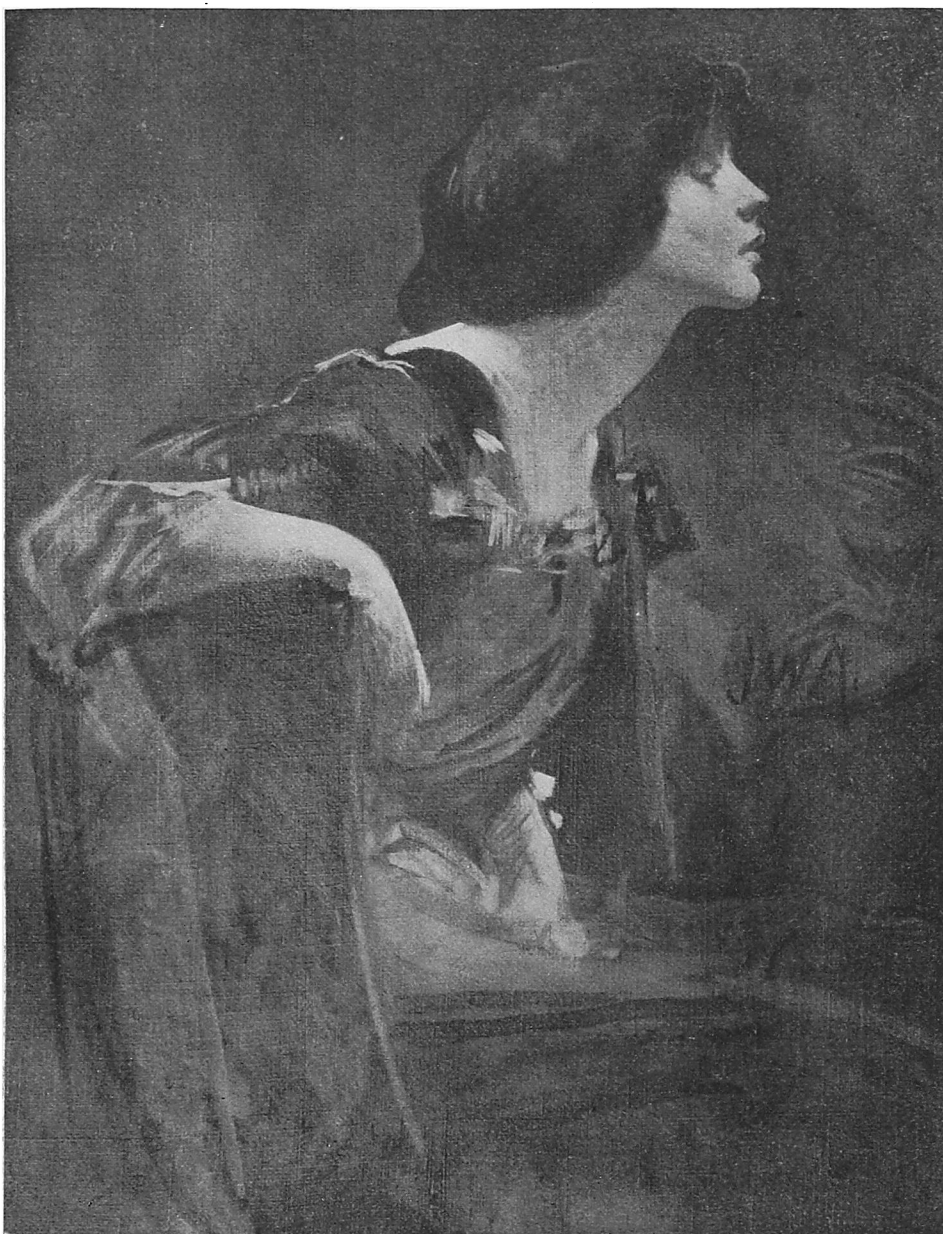


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liness in the faintly defined features beneath the shadow of the picture hat and is it only fantastic imagination that finds significance in the yellow and green of the color scheme, or is it instinct speaking to instinct, a subconscious recognition of the artist's unconscious adaptation of method and medium to the expression of an intangible sentiment?

Taking up these exhibitions according to the order in which they occurred in the galleries, that of landscapes by Edward W. Redfield follows with thirty-two canvasses of supreme interest and charm, occupying one large and one small room in the new wing.

Redfield is one of the great modern schools of landscape painters who sing the beauties



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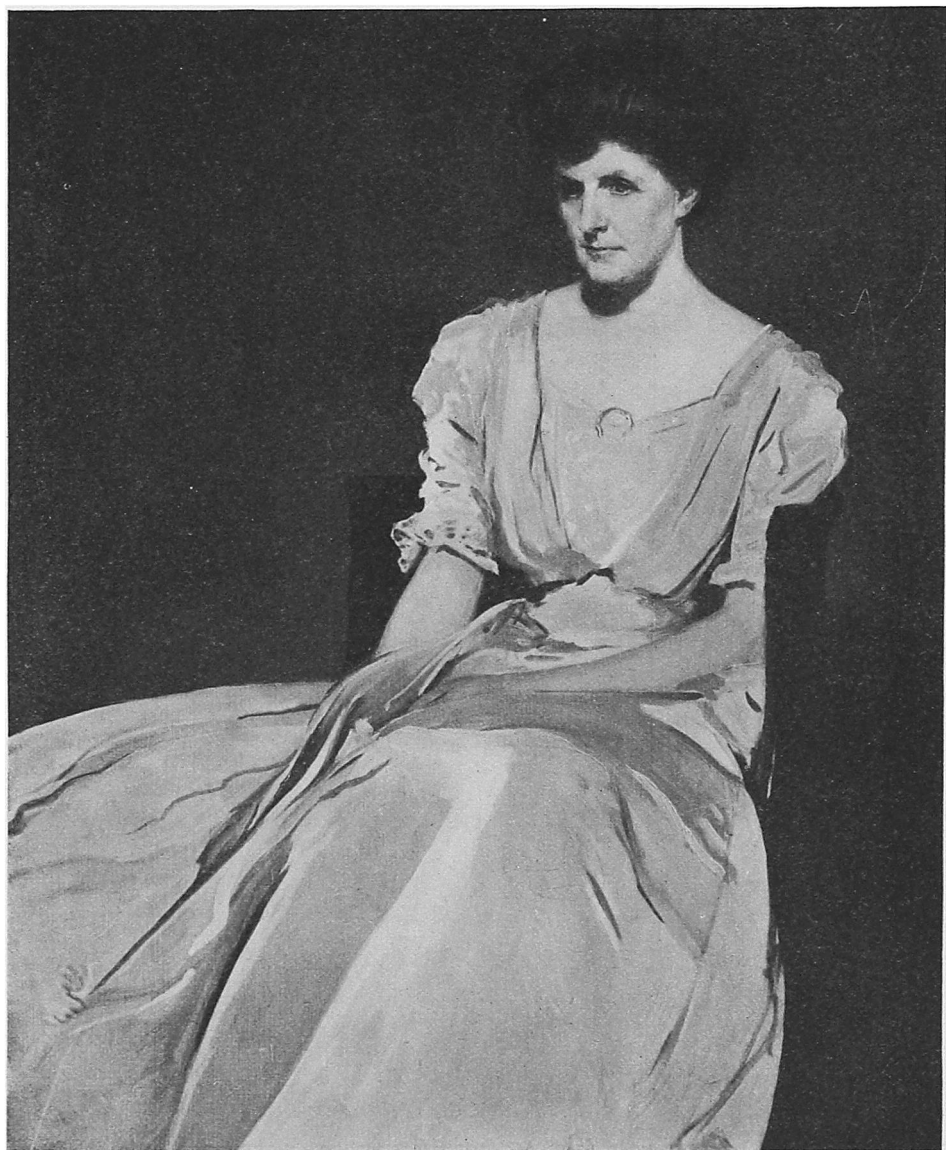
of melting snow upon Pennsylvania hills and along the sluggish rivers of the western edges of the eastern states.

The present show is wider in its variety than one might expect and replete with good things not of the regulation Redfield and Gardner Symons style. There are, indeed,

numbers of the sticky yellow clay and melting snow crust pictures which we have come to recognize as the typical theme of these most gifted men, things which portray almost with a too fatal fidelity the raw chill and monotonous depression of melty weather.

However, there are other things among the





AFTER PAINTING BY  
JOHN W. ALEXANDER

Redfields which, while not so typical, are, to the tastes of many, more agreeable and equally well done.

The evening and dawn studies of New York, palpitating blue dusk, twinkling with myriad yellow lights, would delight the errant ghost of Whistler, if any fellow artist's work could enthuse such a captious spirit. Two small pictures that might be overlooked amid their more ambitious neighbors would better

be looked over, and that again and again for they are worthy of much attention.

"The Road to Calais" is a most successful moonlight study devoid of the theatrical illusion and full of good workmanship. It is so very quiet and unpretentious and yet so very perfect that one could well choose to live with it. The other of these smaller pictures, "Winter," is similar to the first mentioned in the quiet charm of its flat grey sky and snowy



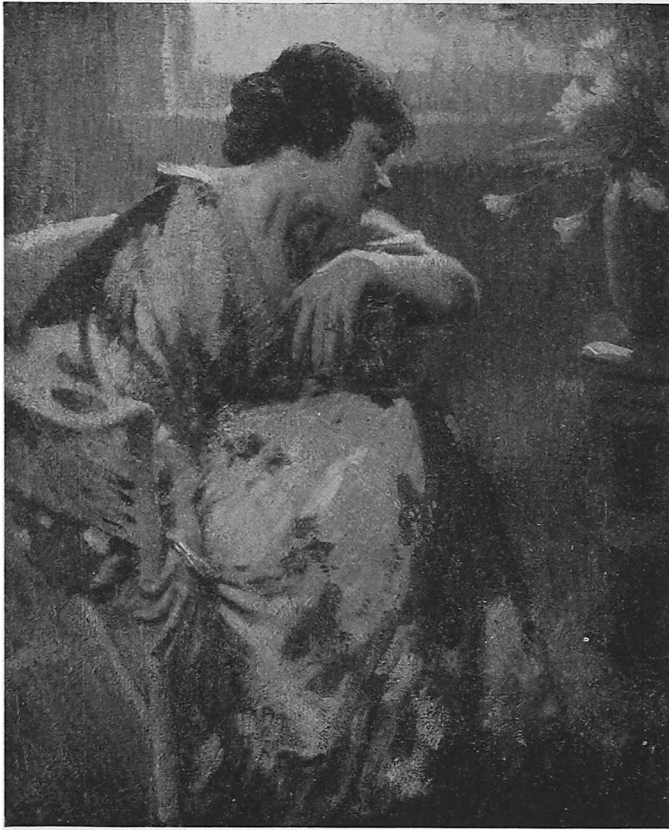
MELTING  
SNOW  
By Edward W.  
Redfield

—Courtesy The  
Art Institute  
Chicago

VIEW OF  
SALEM, CONN.  
By Wilson  
Irvine



—Courtesy The  
Art Institute,  
Chicago



THE KIMONO  
By Matteo Sandona

—Courtesy The Art Institute, Chicago

roofs and road. Perhaps it is the lure of roadways in both pictures to which one responds so readily, roadways which always promise with such fascination and invite with the promise of a journey.

Our illustration is of one of the more typical Redfields, those on which his fame has been so firmly builded, but one should not forget that he can do many other things and always thoroughly well.

Wilson Irvine, prairie born and bred, shows, nevertheless, a true love for and understanding of New England hills and valleys in his present exhibition of the work of the summer and autumn just passed, which he spent sketching in the haunts of our Puritan forefathers.

Irvine, who has always been a poetic and harmonious mistrel of color and form, seems to be developing new methods of applying his pigments and acquiring new tastes for

fresher, brighter hues. Of old one thought of purplish shadows in connection with his name, of things like "The Sleeping Tarn" which is one of the glories of this present show. Here is delicacy and grace and poetic mystery, also smooth sweeping brush work and delicious color.

Typical of his newer work is "The View of Salem," quite away from his former tonal symphonies into a realm of fresh air and sunlight, expressed by much broken and mingled touches of varied color more heavily laid on. "Byways of Ike Marvel" was also in this method, even to the treatment of the sky. It was hard to say whether the old or the new style made most potent appeal, for to judge from the number of tickets with the pleasant word "SOLD" thereon, both had found sincere admirers.

One super appealing picture of a hill top, "Mount Archers Crest," was notable for its floating white clouds, sharp against the clear blue of the sky, and a brilliant effect generally, that betokened the artist's possibilities of variety.

The paintings, sketches and drawings by Maurice Sterne were of the kind which a cruel public invariably misunderstands. Angular figures, suggesting frog's legs ready for the pan, or anatomical charts portraying the arrangements of muscles and tendons, are never exactly dear to the heart of the uninitiated. However, one could not but be thankful for the quiet color of these paintings, rich and subdued, approaching the tones of tapestries and old Japanese prints. He could so easily have added crudities of hue to crudities of line that the heart gave a great throb of gratitude for the Oriental color instinct that is so often the gift of the Russian, artist or artisan.

That his crudity of line was deliberate and not due to natural limitations was proven

by some of his drawings. However, is it art to affect anything, even crudity? Is affected crudity sincere or crudity ever artistic save when it is the sincere expression of the very best the artist can do? At any rate, there was a certain harmony between method and theme for Mr. Sterne has chosen to portray the intense life of a crude and barbaric people. His foreword, in the catalog, is as interesting as his sketches of the people of Bali.

The galleries beyond the Sterne exhibition were thronged with curious spectators gazing in sympathy or apathy upon the French cartoons and here, indeed, was a page from life written in the blood of a nation's heart. Always tragic, or grim, was the humor of the war sketches, sometimes even very pitiful and again horrible with phantasies that shrieked of hate and blood. Some of them might evoke a smile but most of them called forth tears or terror and a heart cry of "How long, O Lord, how long?"

Turning to the exhibitions of works by California artists one was a bit disappointed not to find the golden west producing something distinctive in art. Indeed there are not a few eastern artists who have visited California an exhibition of whose works would tell us vastly more about the state than does this showing of the efforts of native or adopted sons. This exhibition did not go as largely to landscape as one might expect, but among the landscapes were two by Maurice del Mue which deserved consideration.

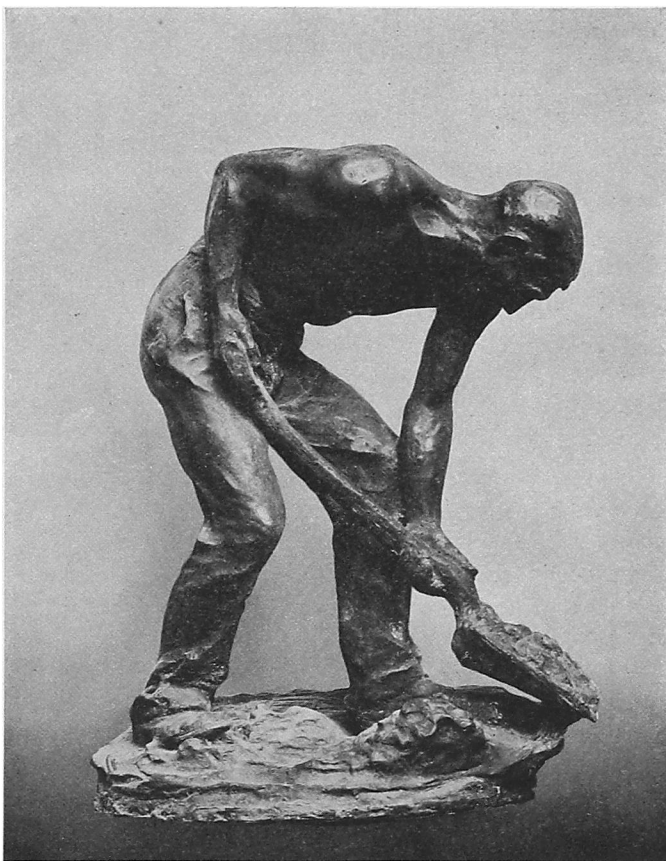
This exhibition, numbering fifty-three canvases and representing twenty-two artists, was selected by Nilsen Lurvik and contained several prize winners from the Panama-Pacific exhibition. Among these, "Despair," by Perham Nahl, was a notable work, representing a shadowy but beautiful nude woman crouching upon the earth beneath a star-lit sky, the whole thing almost a monotone of cold blue grey and

inky shadow.

"The Kimono," herewith illustrated, was one of the most interesting offerings of this far west show. It was well conceived and executed and the color scheme was an agreeable arrangement of neutral greys and tans relieved by large splashes of rich dark red and touches of dark blue in the silk of the kimono.

The sculpture by Chester Beach occupied one of the old galleries, just beyond the newer rooms, and comprised some forty-eight pieces, ranging from the miniature to almost life size. Some portrait sketches of a tiny baby were fascinating, the cold marble seeming to palpitate with life and take on the melting softness of infant flesh. A marble figure, dubbed "Sacred Fire," gave one a problem over which to ponder.

It was lovely and graceful, classic in its



THE STOKER  
By Chester Beach

—Courtesy The Art Institute, Chicago

theme, exquisite in execution. The veil-like draperies clung to the slender form in chiffon-like transparency and every line was charming. Above the sacred fire which this young vestal carried so carefully before her bosom brooded a heavy-featured serious face, the hand that shielded the blaze was large, as of a woman used to hard work, the forward thrust sandaled foot wide and practical, the arms and legs muscular. What did it signify? This was no delicate Canova conception, no Greek goddess, a woman of the people perhaps, a practical, useful creature, graceful with the slenderness of youth, but still preeminently dowered with strength: strength and serious purpose, with no other aim or end than to guard the sacred fire, the fire of the hearthstone of home.

Another beautiful study of strength was "The Stoker," herewith illustrated, a fine, lithe muscled figure in bronze, with the grace of a young man, not yet broken by toil. Is he not a beautiful and heroic figure, this Hercules without whom no great ship of commerce or of war could put to sea, no gigantic industry be possible?

Some exceedingly individual and oddly graceful conceits, irregular as to form, but rhythmic and beautiful, were to be noted in this collection of sculptures, such things as "Wave Horses," "The Vortex of Life" and "Cloud Forms." These indeed achieved the distinction of something new in sculpture, something new and subtle, plastic and flowing and poetic, with the evanescent beauty of motion. "Dawn and Evening," too, was a creation of dreamy beauty, contrasting side by side the head of a young woman radiant with hope and expectancy looking from lifted eyes, and that of an old woman, drooping-lidded and weary, but sweet with the contentment of repose.

Memory lingers pleasantly upon the exhibitions at the Institute this month and every Chicagoan may feel a great sense of satisfaction in the addition of the new galleries and what they mean to American art.



MRS. ANGELO TAYLOR AS "MIRANDA"  
By Sydney E. Wilson after John Hoppner, R. A.  
—Courtesy Arthur Ackermann & Sons, Chicago

#### Ackermann's Galleries

IN ANY metropolis a full appreciation of its art resources can only be reached through keeping in touch with exhibitions at the various galleries of the foremost dealers, for here much of a city's best is often first presented. These are the supply source of public museums and private collections and there is no better way of keeping posted than that of spending a leisure hour now and then in some of these emporiums of art.

Michigan avenue and its immediate environs have about absorbed all of the art interests of Chicago and the uninitiated would never dream of its resources, for it offers everything from the latest efforts of craftsmen and the modern school as seen at the Artist's Guild rooms to old masterpieces of painting, oriental curios and porcelains of the Ming and Sung dynasties and time toned engravings and prints.

Speaking of the latter, no one with a true appreciation thereof should be unfamiliar with the collection at Ackermann's. An English house established in London in 1783, as publishers and dealers, it has had every possible opportunity from the first to secure the rarest and finest of English prints to keep



in touch with famous editions and to know where they came from and where they have gone. The establishment of a branch on Michigan avenue some few years ago has given Chicago collectors a delightful field for research and study between strenuous hours of business or social activity.

How these old prints carry one back in fancy to the past with its quaint customs and traditions. For instance, the London Cry series of thirteen subjects representing the old street merchants of that venerable city has been here on view complete, a rare enough occurrence in these days when original impressions by Schiavonetti after Wheatley's graceful if affected paintings are so difficult to secure. This series, brought out in 1792, represented the most picturesque and usual of these vendors of merchandise, whose tribe has about vanished before the rush of the years and modern commercial methods. Not entirely vanished, however, for the memory of pretty girls singing in the streets "It is June, who will buy my sweet blooming lavender?" is still fragrant and musical in the consciousness of the exiled Londoner of our own generation.

One could dream on at length over old caricatures, sporting prints, old-fashioned gardens, and other things, dear to romance forgetting the busy whirl of modern Chicago outside. However, not all the good prints are of necessity old ones for, fortunately, the art of mezzotint has been kept alive in our own day and there are new plates brought out every year that are as lovely and delightful as any of the older masters. We reproduce one of the latest of these, a Wilson, the kind of thing that collectors wait for and buy up as soon as the edition is out.

#### Thurber Art Studios

THE encouragement in the most direct sense of Chicago art, that produced here by our fellow citizens, is the aim of the Thurber Art Studios, and their galleries in the Michigan Boulevard Building are a source of authority as to all of its latest phases.



ON THE WAY TO SALEM

By Harry L. Engle

—Courtesy Thurber Art Studios, Inc., Chicago

At present the most recent achievements of Wilson Irvine, Karl Krafft, Alfred Jansson, Rudolph Ingerle, Harry Engle and Gordon St. Clair are to be seen at these studios and a most interesting showing they certainly constitute.

Of Irvine's latest canvas, a critic has well remarked, "This year's work attests by its sincere knowledge of what really happens out doors under all possible conditions, together with an unassuming and natural technique, that Wilson Irvine is advancing toward the foremost painters of our time, and country. His determination in attacking the bewildering outdoor problems of light, color, space illusion and elimination has already won for him the respect and admiration of a large number of the eastern painters, sufficiently attested by his inclusion in the New York group just organized under the name of the Painter Friends."

Karl R. Krafft, who spent his summer about Arcadia, Missouri, seems to have chosen a softer key for his color symphonies of nature than the bold and brilliant ones of former seasons. He is also developing a broader style characterized by a somewhat picturesque handling of flat masses. "The Shut-in, Arcadia," is a large canvas in this mode of the moment, showing a slow-moving stream winding its way amid curious rock formations. It

is an unusual and successful picture but no one would select it at sight as a Krafft. "Decorative Sycamores" is more in his old manner, the lacy branches of the graceful young trees netted against a background of distant purpling mountains.

Rudolph Ingerle, who painted with Krafft in Missouri this summer, and who is at present in Arkansas, will return very shortly with the output of his season's work, which he will exhibit at Thurber's. Fellow artists who have seen his latest pictures are enthusiastic about them, and those who have learned to know and love his famous moonlight studies will be delighted to hear that several of these songs of moon magic and mist will be included in this collection.

Alfred Jansson's development as a painter of the forest rather than as a painter of snow alone, can here be studied and appreciated in his "Tall Oaks," which is perhaps the most beautiful thing he has ever done. The susurrus trees in autumnal colors, the vista of distant landscape, the richly-toned asters, graceful and decorative in the foreground, all combine to weave a spell of woodland enchantment. This year's Janssons display a wide range and variety of color, theme and season and establish the standing of this artist as a man capable of coping with the various problems of landscape art.

Harry L. Engle, the Hoosier painter-poet in whom Indiana's poetic spirit speaks through the medium of art, has temporarily forsaken his well beloved Brown County to stray amidst the hills of New England seeking and finding fresh inspiration. Having spent the summer painting with Irvine in Connecticut, one might expect a strong resemblance between the works of these two men, always friends and associates. However, technically they seem to be drifting apart, for Engle is developing something deeper in tone and sentiment than his former lyric style, even as Irvine has progressed toward the more brilliant. One senses a working toward realism in Engle's most recent landscapes, as though a happy mean between the realistic and the decorative had been sought for and not in vain.

Woodbridge Grange is without doubt his greatest achievement so far and one which brings him to front rank among present-day painters of landscape. We reproduce herewith a smaller canvas of almost equal beauty and interest entitled "On the Way to Salem." Even without the charm of color this picture remains delightful by reason of its strong but agreeable composition. The color, well considered and harmonious, adds an element that completes an effect of rare and dreamy loveliness.

Gordon St. Clair contributes a smile to the sum total of our enjoyment of life in his picture "The Wife and the Troubadour." Who, from the title, would dream that this canvas presents a plump and comely barnyard hen attended by her pompous lord, her curiosity, if not deep interest, attracted by the music of a small songbird seated upon a twig in the foreground? What tale of temperamental philanderer, made to feel small, for all his graceful accomplishments, before the august presence of a good provider, does this illustration from a pilgrimage of passion unfold? The prosaic lord of the barnyard shuts his eyes in contemptuous security before the piping of so inconsequential an intruder as though well aware that no voice is so potent to bring Biddy on the run as that of one who has just dug up a fat bug or worm. Outside of its delightful narrative and humorous qualities, "The Wife and the Troubadour" is a good picture from the strictly pictorial standpoint.

#### O'Brien's Galleries

**A**N exhibition of paintings by Lawrence Mazzanovich will be hung at O'Brien's directly after Christmas. The brilliant career of this artist, since he began doing serious work about ten years ago, serves to remind us that he may be claimed as a Chicago man, having spent much time here in the early days and having received his first instruction at the Art Institute. He is a Californian by birth, however, or rather perhaps a sailor, for he was born at sea, off the coast of southern California, and his early years were spent on the coast. His father, a Dal-

matian, his mother, Venetian, his heredity, as well as his early environment might be considered as favorable to artistic tastes and abilities.

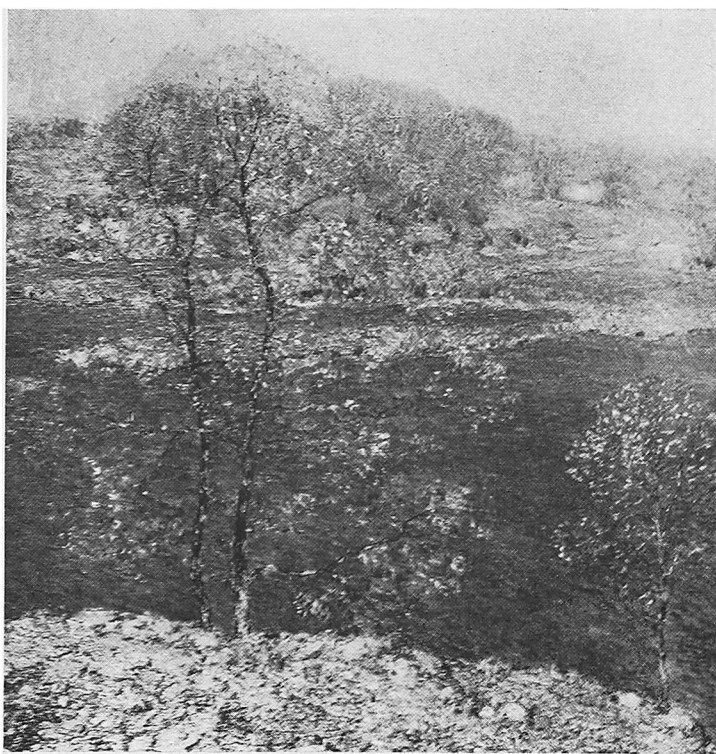
However, it was neither in California nor Chicago this gifted man began to find himself but in France, at Giverny and Moret, where he developed his characteristic style, a style with all the refinement of the best of the impressionists and yet untrammelled by any of those things which make the impressionists seem crude to the unthinking. Here he achieved the poetry of Corot without in any way imitating him or affecting his point of view. Reflection upon the feathery grace of his trees will serve to convince one that Mazzanovich sees nature with a poet's vision.

However, the most truly remarkable thing about his work is his color which, even in its greys, is always unmistakably clean and clear. Never dirty, muddy or opaque his hues are

beautifully transparent and enamel-like. Sailing clouds and blue waters, distant hills or graceful trees, quivering and shimmering with the air, he conjures up before us in hues of superlative beauty and with a grace that is peculiarly his own.

Though always popular in the east, Mazzanovich has found an enthusiastic clientele in and about Chicago where from sixty-five to seventy of his pictures are included in public or private collections. Our illustration is of his Art Institute picture which received so much commendation during a recent exhibition of American art, and was purchased and presented to the Institute by the Friends of American Art.

His work will be shown in Chicago at O'Brien's exclusively this season. The coming exhibition, extending into the middle of January, will include his latest and most important canvasses.



APRIL TWENTIETH

By Lawrence Mazzanovich

—Courtesy O'Brien's Art Galleries, Chicago

### The Marshall Field Galleries

ONE of the most interesting art events of the season has been the exhibition by Marshall Field and Company of an early Italian Renaissance painting on wood, the work of Vincenzo Pagani.

This picture, two meters and eighty-five by one meter eighty, represents the scene of the Annunciation. The mystery unfolds itself under a hall of grandiose and mighty architecture, which reminds one of Michelozzo's works. On the ground there is the Donatrice with her baby, above, the Eternal Father surrounded by blessing angels. The picture, on a tablet, bears the signature "Vincentius Paganus de Monte Robian 1532" with the drawings of the cherris and husks, used by this artist to mark his works. The impression of the composition is so mighty that, at first glance, the picture seems to increase its real size; so wonderful is the perspective of the architectures.

Monte Robbiano, a small place in the Diocese of Fermo, in Marche of Ancona (South Italy), is the spot where Vincenzo Pagani, the artist, was born. There are to be found very ancient traces of the Pagani family, and in the papers of that place there is still a document dated 1326, wherein a magistrate, Tebaldo Pagani, concluded the peace between his country and Fermo—a small town near Monte Robbiano—until then troubled by uninterrupted war. Vincenzo's father—Giovanna—was also a magistrate. In the Councils-book of Monte Robbiano in the year 1531 he is distinguished also as "Magister," a title conferred only on those who practiced painting, sculpturing or philosophy. Probably he too was a painter; the one from whom Vincenzo obtained the first knowledge of that art which was to make him great. In the same Council-book the name of Vincenzo is to be found under the year 1550, and he too is officially qualified there as a Master—"Magister Vincentius Paganus Pictor apptobatus."

By every author he is considered as Raphael's scholar, although in his riper and most representative works his individual feeling gives to his paintings quite a particular stamp. His most important biographer is, however, the Marquis Amico Ricci—one of

the fine Italian art writers of the first half of the Nineteenth Century—who, in the Second Volume of his "Memorie Storiche delle Arti e degli Artisti della Marca d'Ancona," gives large particulars about the life of the painter. He also relates how Vincenzo Pagani "feeling himself pushed by an extraordinary genius for painting" went to Rome, as soon as he was convinced, to possess the technical elements of his art, together with a fellow countryman called Morale da Fermo, a painter not so celebrated as Vincenzo. Rome was at that time in the full splendor of its art, which was closely followed and encouraged by the Popes. Vincenzo got in touch with the school of Raphael. Whether he worked under the direct patronage of Raphael as some other painters of that time did, or worked alone in his own studio, concentrating all his efforts upon mastering the secrets of the beautiful Raphael's forms, Amico Ricci does not say exactly. The characters of his first period are, however, clearly Raphael-like, and one can trace them easily in the great fresco of the Aula Capitolare of the Fathers of San Domenico at Rieti, where Vincenzo, according to the traditions, had an eminent part. Giorgio Vasari is of this opinion. Some inequalities in the execution lead one to believe it was finished by other Raphael pupils. The first important picture that he executed all alone and bearing his signature is a "tavola" painted in 1517 on account of the Frati Minoriti of the Terra di Monte dell'Olmo.

It hangs in the Church of S. Francisco at Pausola (Marche, South Italy), and represents the Holy Virgin with the Christ Child on the throne, S. Peter and S. Francis at either side. Two little puttos are playing gracefully on the steps; the background shows a country view. The beautiful disposition of the figures united in a single action the prospect of which is strictly adhering to the psychological center, and the meek lines of the shapes, make this picture—which is an Italian national monument—the most expressive one of the youth of the painter. The imitation of Raphael here is evident. After this work, in fact, his taste begins to deviate a little, as the painter is looking for a more personal way to give

expression to his feeling. Two pictures may be reckoned to the number of this second immediate period—one is at this time on the high altar of the Church of S. Angelo in Ripatranzone; the other one, a Saint Cicily of a very sweet expression, is in the Church of S. Francis at Sarnano. In those paintings, contrary to his Master's teaching, he used excessive gilding and the decorative part of the pictures overcomes the expression of the figures. In Sarnano, besides the Holy Cicily, he painted also in 1528 a "Deposition from the Cross" maybe with the secret hope to rival the great Raphael who had painted the same subject for Messer Atalante Baglioni of Perugia. This work, which is really one of the worst of the artist's, met with the taste of that epoch, and earned him the order of another picture of the same subject from the Church of S. Pietro in Castello.

In this second work the artist, master already of the technical difficulties of the figures and tired of the exceeding decoration of the previous one, reached a splendid equilibrium of forms and colors. Unfortunately this work has been spoiled and badly restored. From that time the painter, in the highest maturity of his intentions and means of expression, worked incessantly, unfolding his style into large and vigorous compositions, where to the supreme elegance of the figures and colors of Raphael is united the sumptuousness of architecture of Michelangelo.

In the middle of 1800 there were still three paintings to represent this best period of the artist, one of which is now and forever in Italy. It was made about 1530 for the Monastero di Force and represents the Assumption of the Holy Virgin, with the Apostles standing near the grave. Around the chiefest tablet, which is over the entrance door of the Temple, were several little tablets showing different subjects, many of which have been exported and lost in strange lands. The other two big paintings—two tablets—are now lost; one for Art, the other one for Italy. They were both painted at Corinaldo. According to a tradition, gathered also by Marquis Amico Ricci in his books, the first one was ordered of the artist for the Temple of Santissima

Annunziata of Florence. It seems that because a discussion arose between the painter and the Fabbrica of the church, the painting was not sent to Florence, and the painter gave it to his country for its church, as a present. It was received, after some time, by another painter who worked on it, stretching and deforming it completely.

The other tablet, better kept and the most representative of the artist, is now in America and belongs to Messrs. Marshall Field & Company of Chicago. The Marquis Amico Ricci in his book gives very interesting notes about this picture. Since the beginning of the last century it was still at Corinaldo, belonging to the Ottaviani family. From there it passed to Rome into the rich collection of Cardinal Fech (about 1830) just when Ricci was writing there. It is just at that epoch that the picture was put into the big Empire frame which still adorns it. After this moment the information about the picture became uncertain. It is reported that after the Cardinal's death, the heirs wanted to sell the picture and sent it abroad to avoid the laws, which were to be issued, protecting the export of Italian art. We do not know who bought the picture but it is said that some time ago it was in the house of the Cardinal representing the Pope at Bruxelles. At the beginning of the European war it was to be found in the art galleries of art dealers in Berlin. From there, Italy being at that time still a neutral power, they sent the picture to their store in Florence, in order to sell it to the Italian Government. They previously took all the necessary steps for export, if Italy refused to buy it. The Italian Government started the negotiations for buying it, as the Director of the Museum of Urbino wanted the piece for his museum. But the business, as usual, was treated very slowly on account of the price, and when they were coming to an agreement, Italy also entered the war. So every purchase of works of art was stopped. Then the painting, after the declaration of war between Italy and Germany, passed to the successors of the Berlin firm in Italy. From them it was purchased by a representative of the firm of Marshall Field & Co., of Chicago.